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Original.

SERMONS

IN ILLUSTRATION AND DEFENCE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

SERMON II.

Spiritual Worship.

"God is a spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."—Gospel of St, John, iv. 24.

This was said by Jesus to the woman of Samaria.—By the side of the Patriarch's well, resting from the fatigue of a toilsome journey, to a subject of a nation at enmity with his own, our Lord made known the nature of that worship which God requires of his intelligent creatures.

He taught that the great Author of All is a Spirit, whose Presence was confined neither to Jerusalem nor Mt. Gerizem, but which pervaded all space and animated all being. He spoke of the period being very near at hand, when the *true worshippers of the Father* should pay their devotions, not merely in places consecrated, under the Law, to sacred purposes, but *in every place where an honest heart could rear a spiritual temple, and adore it with spotless affection.*

"Father of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.
To thee' whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise;
All nature's incense rise."

In former times, particular places were designated, where religious worship should be offered; and at the period in which our Lord was engaged in his ministry, two noted temples were in existence, consecrated to this purpose. One, and the most distinguished, was at Jerusalem, built by divine command[1]; and here the national worship was paid. The other was on Mt. Gerizem, built by the Samaritans after the fashion of that at Jerusalem; "and here they had an established priesthood and sacrifices, and the ordinary forms of religious worship. This place they contended, was the spot designed by God for prayer and sacrifice. Hence grew up that mutual and rancorous hostility between the Jews and Samaritans, which is so frequently referred to in the Scriptures."[2] It appears, however, that the erection of the Samaritan temple had much the least foundation in divine command.

But the age which demanded the consecration of particular temples, in special places, for divine worship;—which called for a prodigality of forms and ceremonies, was fast drawing to a close. The last shadow of the Legal Dispensation was drawing away its dark folds in the misty distance, and above the pyramidial clouds the Sun of Righteousness was about to lift his glorious head, and fill the moral heavens with the reflection of his own spiritual beauty.

It seemed just that those forms which had lost their chastening influences; which failed, at last, to call up the deep throbbings of spiritual devotion—should pass away, and give place to more simple manifestations of human gratitude and love to God. Forms are of service so far as they typify and shadow forth the Spiritual and the True; and no farther. Hence the Gospel which Jesus came to establish, being designed for universal extension and universal triumphs, is not arbitrary in this respect. It cares little what forms and ceremonies its recipients may adopt, provided they only get at the spirit; provided the worshipper can discern, deep down beneath the symbol, the moral beauty symbolized.

God is every where present. The evidences of his existence are seen in all the departments of Nature.—His smiles are engraved on the lustrous firmament; His wisdom and power stand forth from vale and mountain, and are mirrored in the depths of ocean waves. Man feels to acknowledge with the Poet—in the beautiful stanzas:—

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine."

And wherever the finger of the great Intelligence is seen in lines of beauteous love, wisdom, might—there the devotional mind may meet and commune in spirit with its Author. The man with no wealth save the wealth of a noble mind; the women with no jewels save the price less ones of virtue, and meekness, and truth—these may come up before God, and their offerings will be respected, for they are such as angels bring in the crystal courts of Heaven.

Respecting the nature of that worship which the Intelligent Universe owes to Deity, men have entertained very erroneous opinions since the creation. From the simple and unsophisticated adoration of the Heart the true source of acceptable homage—the human race inclined to the display of ostentatious images and to the observance of pompous ceremonies. In this manner mankind lost sight of the true source of religious devotion; they neglected to bring the sincere offerings of the heart and affections; and, thus drawn away from communion with God's spirit, the divine Presence seemed removed from them, and they began, at length, to doubt the benevolence of his nature. The mysteries of symbolical worship, like a cloud, intervened between them and the face of the Creator. And because that face was not seen, they imagined it to be shrouded by the tempest gatherings of fearful wrath.

They beheld Evil and Suffering in the world; and not understanding how an All-Benevolent Being can bring good out of evil; not understanding that, in the economy of God, the mourning and weeping of a Night may be succeeded by the joy and gladness of a Morning—they concluded that Deity was "divided against himself;" that an evil and a good Power ruled the destinies of men alternately, and that a perpetual contention was kept up between these two potent spirits. Hence originated the practice of paying homage to two deities of entirely dissimilar natures. And came the idea—which

1 First Kings, viii. 12—21.
2 Paige's Com.

by a strange course of events, has become incorporated into the creeds of many Christian denominations—the idea of a Semi-Omnipotent and Omnipresent Devil!

The reception of this error into the mind, but prepared men for wider deviations from duty. For, instead of laboring for the extermination of the Evil, and paying homage only to the Good, he sought to procure the favor of both deities, by giving to each an equal amount of homage. Thus a great portion of that religious devotion which man owes to God alone, was paid on the altar of an unholy superstition, to a Deity who existed in the dark imagination of Ignorance only.

And then came fearful terror whenever the tempest-god howled upon the mountain, or the deep-toned thunder reverberated through the valley, or the fierce lightnings left the mark of their power on the sky!

Then came bowing of knees to the hateful image of Evil, and the flowing of the blood of human sacrifice for the quenching of his wrath!

Then came the dark day of Superstition's reign; the prostitution of natural affection; the rending asunder of holy ties; the debasement of man on the shrine of his folly!

Long age of gloom! O where, Eternal Mind,
Slept thy undying energies? And where
Was God's implanted Principle confined
That leadeth man to Bliss and Knowledge fair?
Prest down within the vaults of Moral Night,
Struggling to gain its native, beauteous sphere,
It travailed till Jehovah's spreading Light
Melted its prison bars with radiance strong and clear.

To keep in remembrance the most prominent attributes supposed to belong to the Creator, symbols were set up and preserved among various nations. In process of time, these symbols began to be looked upon as deities themselves, and to receive homage accordingly. Hence arose "the Lords many and Gods many," who have filled the earth with the most lamentable idolatry. It may easily be supposed that the varieties of worship which would likely be paid to such a variety of gods, would be any thing but acceptable to the One Living and the True. Such worship is more the offspring of fear and passions, than the thankful tribute of a grateful heart.

That Spiritual Worship is a duty, binding upon all conscious intelligences, and penetrationg to the first grade of moral being—few will seriously question. I may remark, however, that it is probable to be such by two important considerations.

I. From a consciousness of our own obligations.—Who that lives beneath the life-giving sun, and breathes the varied perfume that is wafted from land and sea—from choral deeps and from mountain heights; who that draws an ample supply for every returning want from Nature's storehouse where Heaven's bounty is spread; who that beholds smiles on the face of the Universe and rich beauty on the brow of God—can refuse to kindle the small flame of his own love, of his own gratitude, on the altar of a devotional spirit? If there exists that being who can pause in the roar of passion, until made sensible of the care and the love which surrounds, upholds and sustains him, and still remain insensible to their pleading—then let him go back amid the ages, and witness the manifestations of those heavenly attributes, when the Great World's heart was cold and throbless as his own.

Let him behold Jesus before the haughty and persecuting Jew, notwithstanding the tumultuous flow of his hate, the deadly onset of his over-wrought passions, the bitter malignity of his partial nature; let him glance at Jesus' life-labor of toil and self-sacrifice, from the opening scenes of youthful energy at Nazareth, to the blood-closed drama of the Cross; let him reflect that the divine perfection, the glories of the divine nature, were exemplified in the life and sacrifice of Jesus—that those glorious heart-tears, that sacred life-blood, were given sor Man—for his weal, exaltation, glory. Can heart be fo ungrateful as to resist pleadings that come from those immortal mementoes of Divine Love? Can it refuse to yield its devotion when surrounded by the evidences of such heaven-originated, heaven-enduring affection? I will not believe it. I will, rather, believe that, Truth shall have swept away the clouds that dim and darken these evidences of Jehovah's love, this Consciousness of Obligation, of which I have spoken, will be prominent in, and will influence, yea, guide every mind. And I affirm that, so far as Truth holds umpire in the soul, this Consciousness is universal over it. The *enlightened* soul will exclaim with the Poet:

There's not a place in earth's vast round
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.

Around, within, below above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends."

* * * * * * *

"At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space."

Look out upon human dealings and human tendencies. Does the man exist who has kindly tendered to you the warm sympathies of his heart, when you was suffering in the grasp of Wrong? If so, how beautiful were the kind words that he spoke—how heavenly seemed each act of his expansive benevolence! They came to your stricken heart as the dew of the evening comes to the blighted earth—as the cup of cordial to the invalid's fevered lips.

And then you felt the gratitude of your nature flowing towards your benefactor. Then you felt how noble was the heart that dictated those benevolent deeds. You realized something of the exaltation of that nature in which the deathless spirit of sympathy reigns. And you loved him with a deep, and strong and enduring love, and was ready to feel the Poet's inspiration, in the lines:

"Benevolence! thy smile imparts
The sweetest joys to mortals given."

Shall not a knowledge, then, of infinite greater benefactions from the ever-flowing fountain of benevolence in Heaven, make the heart yield its offering of praise, of gratitude, of obedience, to the Giver of Good? What are the favors and love of man, though ever so generous and sincere, compared with the numberless blessings that flow out beneath an eye that never slumbers, a love that never dies, an arm that never quivers with over-wrought toil? Man's grace is often glorious in its sphere, and still but the dim glimmering of a star, to the full blaze of the meridian sun.

In the second place, spiritual worship is provable to be a duty, by the enjoyment which it affords the worshipper. Man naturally seeks for some higher power, some purer and mightier excellence, as the source of his being, the maker of his destiny, and the bestower of his favors; and to him he seems willing to pay his tribute of thanksgiving. I say *naturally*, and the truth of the remark is demonstrated by reference to the religious character of the nations of the earth. Out beyond the light of God s revelation, where the trumpet of the Gospel has never awakened a thrill ot hope, or kindled the fire an enlightened devotion, the pagan builds up the idol of his love—though without symmetry or moral beauty—and adores it with an honest reverence.

In every grade of humanity, man's devotional faculties maintain a mighty influence over him. Devotion lives and reigns in every soul; stronger and deeper in some, but still, with some degree of strength in all. Even in that man's mind whose life-acts are ruled by his animal propensities, the beauty of devotion is seen anon, casting its hallowed influences, for a moment, over the

rougher features of his existence. Devotion is the light and the beauty of our being. It discloses the ties that bind man to his Creator, when the rough surges of sin, seemingly, might have swept them away forever. It restrains man in his wanderings in vice, with reason's voice calls him back to duty, and bows him in penitence before the majesty of the soul.

This tendency to adore a superior intelligence, primitive in its character, and dwelling with men in all the ages of their pilgrimage, seems to have been given for some definite purpose. Then let us endeavor to investigate. Happiness is the universal aim of mankind; the central goal toward which all are pressing. In connection with this universally admitted and self-evident truth, let it be observed that, *to the satisfaction of this ever living desire, our nature will conduce, if not perverted or abused.* To deny this were to question that eternal Wisdom and Benevolence which pervades the mechanism of the moral and physical universe. It follows, then, that every faculty of our being should have its appropriate exercise at all times, guided and directed by the moral powers. Devotion, then, or reverence, must be gratified by being allowed to pour out its central flame of gratitude and love toward a superior power; and as reason and revelation—with voices chiming in unison—point us to one supreme, everlasting intelligence, our devotional feelings should centre in the One Living and True God, as the undivided object of human reverence.

Religious worship, then, while it is a command of the Majesty of Heaven, is also closely linked with our own highest enjoyment. This, indeed, may be said of all the divine commands. They are founded in the purest and noblest conception of human nature, and in the most benevolent considerations for human happiness. It is an error to suppose that commands were instituted merely to obtain obedience to an arbitrary will. It were better to study the connection existing between the will of God and that course of conduct which it is necessary to pursue in order to win the smiles and enjoy the sunshine of the approving conscience.

I have said that devotional emotions live in all souls. Some may dispute this premise, and, therefore, question the justice of the conclusion. Some may be insensible to the authority of their devotional powers. They doubtless are. But such do not rightly interpret the inward voice of their own natures. They have not learned to know themselves. They are absorbed in selfishness; their thoughts are away with the objects of the outward life; their minds are darkened with the shadows of sin. They exercise thought in consideration of the nature and origin of those finer sensations which, at intervals, come within the mind; of those strange and all-moving emotions that shoot across the brain, anon, like a chain of electricity along the painted heavens. They strive to smother such, because their reproof scathes too severely their sensual natures. And they inform themselves so little of the nature of those occasional visitations, they are prone to deny that they ever occur.

These individuals, however form but a small portion of our race. They, by no means, are worthy to be considered representatives of our common humanity. Saith the record, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." Wealth rears costly temples in which to worship the eternal Father; pride and fashion hover around the consecrated sanctuary, but the wealth of mind stored with truth and love and purity; the pride of soul, with its power to overcome temptation, and stretch onward in the heavenly life; the fashion of Godliness, with its spiritual energies running parallel with eternity—these are all that can ever win a smile of Heaven's approval.

"God is a Spirit just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
Nothing but truth before his throne,
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God rejects ihs sacrifice
Where not the heart is found."

In Catholic lands and communities, the huge Cathedral stands forth with its giant pillars; its walls hung over with pictures of martyrs and saints, representing the fearful sacrifice and the death agony; its altars formed by the finest masters of art, and overhung with silken drapery; its massive dome, on which the sunlight blazes and in which the stars are mirrored—but thro' those dark grand aisles the steps of pride may wander, and the emblematic crown pressed against hearts cold with selfishness and hatred.

The worshippers who bow down within the walls of St. Peter, though their sacred response to the holy man's words may rise as loud as the bell tones that roll from its dizzy height, know little of the spirit of the words spoken at the Patriarch's well, when Jesus was fulfilling the will of his Father. An imposing temple, a pompous ceremony, or an august robe, will never be accepted by heaven in lieu of the hearts offering; for God has things in nature more beautiful than man can create, ever existing, ever sustained by the infallible Power that is over all.

A beautiful temple may be desirable, so far as it leads to admiration of the beautiful in heart, in mind, in destiny; so far as it calls up the soul to a contemplation of those manifestations of loveliness in God, or in the spiritual world—for the *spirit of beauty* runs through and connects all objects in the creation to him who views them through the medium of pure thought. But we should be careful never to lose the spirit in the symbol. The cultivation of a just state of mind, the endowing it with pure sensations, grateful thoughts, sublime anticipations, these should be the aim of all men. Then would God be worshipped with a willing mind; the spiritual and the true would animate the countenance; and in the up-raised eye the "*beauty of holiness*" would beam.

Original.

NICHOLAS COX.

Universalism Good to Die By.

BY REV. J. GALLAGER.

It will be remembered that Mr. Nicholas Cox was one of the old preaches of our faith, who lived in the days of Murray, Winchester, &c. I have recently received a letter from a Son of his, Mr. David Cox, residing in Newton, Sussex Co., N. J., relating to this devoted herald of a world's salvation.

Mr. Cox was born in Philadelphia, but became a Baptist preacher in New Jersey, where he ministered to good acceptance, as Pastor of several Societies, for a number of years. Becoming at length convinced of the truth of the glorious Gospel of a world's salvation, he felt it to be his duty openly to proclaim it, which he did in different sections of New Jersey, though at a considerable sacrifice, pecuniary and otherwise. He also preached some little in Pennsylvania, and in one of the Southern States. In the latter, his Son writes me, he had a discussion with a Presbyterian Clergyman, on the merits of his new, but soul rejoicing faith. It lasted however but a short time, owing to the Presbyterian giving up. The labors of Mr. Cox were confined principally to New Jersey, where he exerted by his Christian character, considerable influence, particulariy in Sussex and Warren Counties. Here he spent the greater part of his life, as a preacher. He was known, and respected,

by a large number of friends. It is, however, of his death that I would particularly speak. The enemies to the faith he held so dear, had long prophesied that he would renounce it when he came to bid farewell to the world. It was the general impression among them at the time, and doubtless many of them looked for it.

It seems that the objection that Universalism may do to live by, but not do to die by, was as strongly urged against the early advocates of our faith, as it is at this day. So general was the belief that Mr. Cox would give up his faith in the dying hour, at least among those opposed to it, that his Son, who writes me, was anxious to know for himself in relation to the matter. He therefore took upon himself to attend his aged father in his last illness. He conversed with him freely, and frequently questioned him relating to his faith. But not a doubt was exhibited, not a murmur escaped his lips. The glorious Gospel that he had preached, and which sustained him midst reproach and bitter opposition, he felt was equally good to die by. He trusted in God, and rejoiced in his salvation. To the frequent inquiries of his Son, he always returned answers full of confiding hope and trust, evincing a calm and patient resignation to the Divine will, and full and joyful assurance of meeting a ransomed world on the blissful shores of immortality, through Jesus Christ. In this state of mind he died at Mansfield, Warren Co., N. J.

It is a most horrid idea that no one can die happy, unless the sulphurous fumes from the imaginary abode of ceaseless woe, are around their dying bed, and they can see by faith the writhing of the lost. Efforts have even been made to prevent, if possible, the hopeful and joyful believer in a world's redemption, testifying to the power of this faith in the dying hour. The case of Noah Murray, noticed by Br. Balch, is but one of many such, in illustration of the attempts that have been made to prove, by the most unrighteous means, the unfitness of Universalism to die by. But how futile have been all such attempts. That blessed company of faithful advocates or believers in the great salvation, who have gone to realize the glorious fulfilment of their faith, and their hopes, have shed a lustre upon the sustaining and soul-rejoicing influence of our beautiful faith in God's universal paternity and salvation, by their peaceful, happy, and triumphant death. How any person can die happy without this faith, is difficult to imagine. I can truly say as said our departed brother S. W. Fuller, who, a few hours before he breathed his last, remarked, "what a horrid idea is it —the doctrine of punishment. It is enough for me to trust in the goodness of God." Yes, thank God, it is enough for us to trust in his goodness, for we shall find it abundant for us in every hour either of life or of death. When our trust is here, our hope is anchored in heaven, instead of in ourselves, and our faith, bright and beautiful, looks to the ingathering of the vast family of man—then can we truly say, in the language of the poet—

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death."

Newark, N. J.

Original.

SHORT ARTICLES NO. 3.

BY REV. T. J. TENNEY.

I observe again, that self-esteem is not only in our churches but has taken possession of the sacred desk. Using the language of an author with a few alterations, it appears there in elegant black, with the utmost precision. His hair is that of the exquisite; pale and rapt and all abstracted from this world, and yet so courtier like in attitude, and attire, that he seems waited upon in his sublime carelessnes by invisible graces, who send him forth all curled and perfumed, like the veriest fop that lives. With what complacency of sublime vanity, he smiles down upon his audience, and distributes gracious little bows, accepting the applause as something for which he was not anxious; something his by right! And true enough, he need not concern himself; the victory is already won, he has spell-bound the eager and waiting throng by the very magnetism of his presence, and now perhaps he will condescend to amuse himself with a few of his highly finished periods, and let the people hear. With a studied utterance, and the most approved action, he gives them his productions; and, by a sort of instinct choir and all things chime in properly, for it is a magic influence; and now you shall go into ecstacies, you shall taste the very delirium of eloquence to reward you for yielding yourselves in such explicit faith to him.

And there are others still who show the sign of this evil over them, in the want of independence. Though Erasmus, by his writings and discourses, had, more than any other person, hastened the reformation of Luther's day, yet he trembled when he saw the tempest he had raised, approaching. None pleased him, and he dreaded all. "It is dangerous to speak," said he, "and dangerous to be silent." In all great religious movements, there are such undecided characters—respectable in somethings, but hindering the truth, and who from a desire to displease no one, displease all.

What, we may ask, would become of truth, if God were not to raise up in its defence, more courageous champions?

And then the advice of these unsettled pastors! Erasmus says to a friend, who was at one time, president of the Superior Court of Brussels, as to his deportment towards the Sectaries, (for that was a name he gave the reformers.) "My friendship for you makes one to desire that you should keep yourself quite clear of the contagion of sects, and that you give them no ground to claim you as their own. If you approve their teaching, at least dissemble your approval; and above all, never dispute with them. A jurisconsult must be on his guard with these people, as a certain dying man avoided the devil. The devil asked him what he believed. The dying man, fearing that if he confessed, he should be surprised in some heresy, answered, what the church believes." His interrogator pressed him with the question. "what does the church believe?" The other replied, "what I believe." Again the devil—"And what do you believe?" and the dying man rejoined, "what the church believes."*

The desire of such people is so great to keep on the most popular side of the question at issue, that they dare not endanger their standing by a committal. And hence the observation so often made, "that the people are in advance of the ministy." They are so, as a general thing, and will remain so until the shackles that bind them are broken forever. Priests that renew an oath once in five years to remain bound by the articles of faith cannot be the leaders of the minds of men. When you get as far as they have got, you must be bound with their chains, or, if you choose to be freemen, to love the truth, you must go ahead of them, leaving them until they shall see on which side to arrange themselves so as not to lose by the change.

*Daubigne.

Original.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Let brotherly love continue," says an apostle. There are faith and hope, but brotherly love is greater than these. Thou mayest hope for good, thou mayest have faith in the final triumph of virtue, but if love fail, there can be no realization of either of the anticipated ends. Every thing depends upon the power of love.

T. J. T.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All for the best—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A waywearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove:
All for the best!—be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;
All's for the best!—unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that's all for the best.

THE WORK FINISHED.

In that beautiful prayer of the Savior's recorded in John xvii., we find the following: "Father I have glorified thee on the earth; *I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.*" Much is there in the last declaration worthy of thought; much that to the christian believer is cause for devout joy. The Savior himself affirms that the work which God gave him to do was completed, and that in the completion of this work He was glorified. The question at once arises, what is the work which the Father gave his Son to do?

The Scriptures are the proper authority in this case. "We have seen and do testify that *the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world.*" John iv. 14. "The man Christ Jesus, who *gave himself a ransom for all.*"—1 Tim. ii. 5, 6. "That he might *destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil.*" Heb. ii. 14. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, *that he might destroy the works of the devil.* 1 John iii. 8. "He is the *propitiation* for our sins, and not for ours only, but also *for the sins of the whole world.*" 1 John ii. 2. "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." John 1. 29.

These testimonies from the word of Truth clearly set forth the nature and extent of the work which God gave his Son to do. It embraces the destruction of death, the works of the devil, the devil himself, the removal of the sins, and the bringing to salvation, of the whole world! This, then, is the glorious work which the Father gave Christ to do, which he came to do, and of which he says in the closing prayer of his mission, "Father, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Who shall doubt the truth of the Savior's declaration? Who shall oppose his witness on this momentous subject? If he assures us that his work is faithfully performed and finished, shall we hesitate to believe him, or dare to affirm that it is not?

But, perhaps, it may be said that, if the work assigned Christ was the saving of all men, then his declaration was false, inasmuch as all men were *not* saved at the time it was made, and therefore the work was *not* finished, and is not yet finished, as all men are not yet saved.

But does not the objector discover that this lies equally against his theory? He surely does not believe that Christ had at the period of this prayer, or had even now saved all who are to be saved. If the work given him was to save only those who believed, still in *this* sense, the work was not finished, as all these were not then saved, and are not yet saved, since all who shall believe are not yet born.

But this objection is most happily met and answered by Paul, Heb. ii. 8. "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him." Here the apostle declares positively that all things *had been and were* put under him, and *nothing* was left that was not put under him—and then immediately adds, "*but now we see* NOT YET *all things put under him!*" Surely Paul does not tell a falsehood, nor contradict himself; yet the objector must affirm this, if his argument has any force in it. The meaning of the apostle is plain—that God had purposed to do this, had determined to put all things under him, and, though *not yet* done, it was as certain as though it were, and hence in his strong confidence in the purpose and promise of God, he speaks of it as already actually accomplished.

So, then, no progress is made by this objection—and the declaration of the Savior still remains, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do"—and this work the Bible, as above, declares to be the destruction of all evil, and the salvation of the whole world of intelligences.

This work is finished—in other words the foundation is laid for its complete and certain fulfilment. The prophetic eye of the Savior looks forward to the glorious period when he should have subdued all enemies, even the last enemy, death, and should have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father, and He be all in all—and, conscious of the fullness of his power and wisdom, a thousand years become as one day to his great and far-reaching soul, the future melts into present, and he regards the whole work as accomplished. As God, to whom all time is present, in the assurance of his power to effect it, declared to Abraham, "*I have made* thee a father of many nations," though not an individual of those nations was born—so Christ, having set in operation the great principles by which the world will certainly be redeemed and sanctified, and in his knowledge of the glorious issue, looks forward to the time of the end, considers it already accomplished, and exclaims in the fullness of his joy—I HAVE FINISHED MY WORK! T. B. T.

"DON'T WORRY."

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarking as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may trust him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?" To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but turning himself about, soon fell asleep, and did not awake till he was summoned to embark.

Education.

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak, to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the ground-work of a thoughtful character.

Father Mathew's visit to this country will necessarily be postponed till the last of August or the first of September.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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History of Universalism in New York.

FROM 1832 TO 1848

An attempt was made in Brooklyn to establish a Society early in 1832. A meeting was called, and a "First Universalist Society" nominally formed, March 5, Wm. Burbank Secretary. It was ephemeral. Those who belonged to it were so few and their means so limited that it did not long survive.

During this Spring, meetings were held in several wards in this city, with a view to arouse public attention to the subject of Universalism, and enlist the aid of all who were friendly to the cause. Societies were temporarily organized in the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 13th wards. Delegates from these Societies met in Convention April 2d, 1832, in the Lecture room of the Orchard street Church, which had been previously hired in the name of Mr. Sawyer. The object of the Meeting was to concentrate the abilities of Universalists for the establishment of the cause of Universalism in this city, upon a firm basis. T. J. Sawyer was elected President. Elisha Packard, Vice President, Cornelius Harsen, Treasurer, and B. B. Hallock, Secretary. This may be considered the distinct dawn of the day of prosperity to Universalism in New York.

The Church in Orchard street, was originally built for a Reformed Dutch Society, which being unable to pay for it, it fell back upon the hands of the builders, and was hired from them by a few devoted Universalists, in the name of Mr. Sawyer, for two years. It was opened for public worship by the Universalists, April 15th, 1832. "The morning service," says Mr. S., "was attended by a very respectable congregation, much larger than we had expected. But in the afternoon and evening, the audience was far more numerous, and listened with devout attention, and the most evident pleasure to discourses from our excellent and well-known Br. S. R. Smith. It must have been a season of refreshing and joy to many a heart, and we hope will not soon be forgotten." That hope was well grounded, and has been fully realized. The cause was now fixed on a secure foundation, and from that day has gone steadily forward, accumulating strength and character at each advance, till it has arrived at its present prosperous and honorable condition.

In 1833 Mr. Sawyer wrote a series of letters to Rev. Dr. Brownlee, who had taken a very active part against the "heresy of Universalism, by the delivery of a course of lectures against the doctrine." The publication of these letters had a most happy effect in directing public attention to an examination of the claims of our most holy faith. The prominent position occupied by the Rev. Dr., helped to show that his condescension to notice Universalism, was sufficient of itself to justify an inquiry into the subject; add to this the skillful and judicious manner in which Mr. S. treated the subject and opposed the arguments of his assailant, and the happy result of this controversy may be readily accounted for.

In the Christian Messenger of April 20, 1833, it is announced "that the neat and commodious Church, situated in Sixth Avenue, at the foot of Amity-street, and lately occupied by the Presbyterians, has recently come into the possession of Universalists, and will, by divine permission, be opened for the worship of the one only true and living God, who is the Savior of all men, on Sunday morning next, April 21, at half past 10 o'clock, sermon by the senior editor of the Messenger." It is presumed "divine permission" was granted for that service, though we see no record of the fact, except that sometime after it is announced that different persons would supply the desk. This was the commencement of what is now the Bleecker-street, or "3d Universalist Society." Different men continued to preach in this Church till March 23, 1834, when Rev. C. F. LeFevre, by invitation, assumed the pastoral charge of it.

In March, 1824, the "Second Universalist Society" purchased the church they had previously occupied, on a lease of two years, at an expense of about $14,000. This house has undergone some repairs and improvements. In the Messenger of April 5, Mr. Price says, "Our prospects in this city (New York) may be regarded as flattering in the extreme. The Second Society, under the pastoral labors of Br. Sawyer, have now a house of their own—a home—and Br. LeFever has just commenced his labors under the most favorable circumstances, with the Third Society. Under the united labors of these brethren we cannot but enjoy a prosperity equal to our most sanguine expectations."

Oct. 11, 1835, Rev. David Pickering commenced his labors as pastor of the "Society of United Christian Friends," worshipping in Duane street. The Society had been under the charge of no regular shepherd, since the death of their former much beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, and, of course, the flock had become much scattered. Besides, Mr. P. was not, at that time, in good feeling with the Universalist denomination, having withdrawn from its fellowship, though retaining his belief in the final salvation of all men. Neither did his doctrinal views comport with those inculcated by Mr. Mitchell. He was a Unitarian Restorationist, He found it impossible to harmonize the jarring sentiments of that Society, the leading members of which could not allow the least indulgence to Unitarian views. He continued with them between one and two years, when he left the Society, which soon after disposed of its house, and has never since employed a regular preacher.

This year the "3d Society" found it necessary to provide a larger place of worship. Arrangements were made for the erection of a new Church. A lot of ground on Bleecker-street, at the corner of Downing, was purchased for the purpose and the corner stone of their present Church was laid May 5th, with appropriate religious services. It was finished in the Spring of the next year, at a cost, including the ground, of $43,000, and was dedicated June 19, 1836. Rev. C. F. LeFever, the pastor, preached in the morning, Rev. T. J. Sawyer in the afternoon, and Rev. A. C. Thomas in the evening.

In September, 1838, meetings were commenced at the Appollo Saloon, by Rev. William Whittaker, and on the 11th of November, following, the "Fourth Universalist Society" was duly organized. Arrangements were soon after made for the use of the old church in Pearl street, formerly occupied by the Society of "United Christian Friends." Services were commenced there the 1st Sunday in December. On the 21st of April the Society removed to the Church in Duane street formerly occupied by Mr. Mitchell, which had been hired for their use.

Mr. Whittaker continued to labor with the Society with indifferent success till July, 1840, when, learning that his people were becoming somewhat dissatisfied with him, and failing to secure a settlement with the "Third Society," from which he sought an invitation, asked and obtained his dismission, and at the same time renounced all connexion with Universalism. After a little excitement and rejoicing on the part of unthinking partialists, the smoke passed away and no body was injured by the defection, unless it was himself and those to whom he went. Universalism suffered nothing by the change, and, but in compassion for him, none regretted his change. He was an ambitious man, possessed of a large share of vanity

and a stinted proportion of intellectual and moral capacity. His aim was high, but he had not the calibre to reach his object. He could find no extraneous dependencies to rest upon among a simple, honest-hearted people, who looked for sense instead of sound, and were not satisfied with the hollow pretension of talent, without knowledge and piety.

On the 1st Sunday in Nov. Br. I. D. Williamson assumed the pastoral charge of the Fourth Society. Under his labors the Society rapidly increased. In consequence of the owners of the Duane-Street Church being obliged to close their concerns, the Fourth Society removed, in February, 1841, to the Lecture room of the College of Physicians, in Crosby street, where they continued their meetings till the 1st Sunday in May, following, when they removed to the Church in Elizabeth street, which had been purchased of the Presbyterians, for whose use it was originally built.

In April, 1840, Mr. LeFever took up his connection with the Third Society, and removed to Hudson. From the time of his removal Rev. Mr. Rayner supplied the desk of that Society, till Nov. 1842, when Rev. Wm. S. Balch, the present incumbent, removed to the city and took charge of the same.

In March, 1841, meetings were commenced in Manhatten Hall, near the junction of Houston and Second streets, under the direction of the N. Y. Universalist Missionary Society, from which arose the "Fifth Universalist Society," now worshipping in the very neat house built by them in the summer of 1845, and dedicated to the worship of God, September 10, following. Rev. J. N. Parker was Pastor at that time.

On the 1st Sunday in May, 1843, Rev. Moses Ballou, commenced his labors with the Fourth Society in the place of Mr. Williamson, who had been compelled, on account of ill-health, to resign his charge of that parish. Mr. B. continued with the same till the Fall of 1845, when he returned to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Rev. T. L. Harris took his place, and was ordained the 12th of March following.

In September, 1845, Mr. Sawyer resigned his charge of the Second Society, with whom he had labored with much success since the Spring of 1830, and removed to Clinton, to take charge of the Liberal Institute, where he still resides. Rev. O. A. Skinner, the succeesor of Mr. Sawyer, and present pastor of that Society, assumed the duties of his office, April 12, 1846.

Rev. Mr. Parker, having removed from the city, Rev. Z. Baker was called to the charge of the Fifth Society, in Sept., 1846, and continues to occupy that position.

During the summer of 1847, the Fourth Society disposed of their Church, and till the 1st of May following, occupied the Appollo, when it will remove to the Church in Murray street, corner of Church, which has been purchased of the Presbyterians, at a cost of $17,500, though the original cost of the Church was much greater. Mr. Harris resigned his charge of the Society in Aug., 1847, and Rev. E. H. Chapin, has been invited to the Pastoral charge of the Society, and will commence his duties the first Sunday of May next.

I have thus sketched out, as perfectly as I could, a history of Universalism in New York. It is doubtless defective in many respects, and in some it may be erroneous. But I have studied to give facts as far as was in my power, and according to my bst information. Wherever our friends discover defects, or detect errors, I hope they will correct them, that a perfect record of the rise and progress of our faith, in this city, may be handed down to posterity—to the thousands who shall be curious, hereafter, to know the things pertaining to Universalism. As recent as is the date of most I have sought to record, the task I have performed has not been without its difficulties, and these would have increased more rapidly as the facts became oblierated from the memories of those brethren who can remain on earth but little longer.

My work, such as it is, is now performed in accordance with the instructions of the New York Association, and, if it has added knowledge, or afforded gratification to any, I shall be abundantly satisfied. W. S. B.

P. S.—I have left it for others to write the history of our cause in other parts of our Associational limits.

Wesley Pine.

This person has just been convicted of the murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, of Pleasant Valley, N. Y. The crime was committed on the 9th of January last, about noon, on Sunday. Mr. Russell passed the place where Pine was stopping, on his way to church, and Mrs. R. not being with him, Pine proceeded immediately to her residence, a distance of about two miles, When he entered he found her near the stove. He asked her for some money due him, and stated that he had come for a final settlement. Mrs. R. stated that she knew nothing about the matter. He called her a liar. She said she was the worse for that, if it was true. He then presented a pistol, and asked her if she was ready for that. She said "I beg." He then with his left hand, (being left-handed) pointed the pistol at her and fired it. The ball entered her body near her breast and lodged near the spine. It was extracted by Dr. Canfield, and presented in Court. Of this wound the woman died, after lingering two days. The money which he demanded, he said was promised him, for the purpose of allaying his feelings in consequence of his disappointment when Mrs. Russell was married. Pine had been attentive to her, and was very desirous of marrying her. His preparation for the murder was very deliberate. He bought his pistol a short time before, and made the balls he used on the morning of the murder.

The murder was admitted by Pine's counsel, and the defence made was that he was insane. His father, who was a methodist preacher, was at times, insane, and in a fit of insanity he committed suicide. He had a sister and other relatives who were afflicted with insanity. Several witnesses testified that Pine had on different occasions, exhibited signs of the same disease. The counsel for the people, however, denied his insanity, and according to the definition given of it, no man was ever insane. That old and false doctrine was quoted which says that an insane man is one who has no more sense than a brute. If he has any mind or memory he is not insane.

We are amazed that any man should advance an idea so absurd, and so at variance with the whole history of insanity.—There is no fact more fully established, than that men are often insane upon one point, and perfectly sane upon others.

The plea however, of insanity, availed nothing; and judging from a perusal of the trial, we are not disposed to complain of the jurors. We think their verdict was according to law and evidence. But we hold in detestation the law. What possible advantage can be gained by executing Pine? Why not let him live, till God in his Providence shall call him away? Why not send him to prison and confine him there till death comes to his release? And yet, there are those who seem anxious for his execution! Even some of the clergymen appeared gratified, we are told, when the juror's verdict was made known! It seems hardly credible! Have they no hearts to feel?

Pine is an ignorant man, and has not a countenance which bespeaks much intellect, Though he has never been very vicious, but has always been considered tolerably well disposed, he has made a free use of ardent spirits, and drank several glasses before he proceeded to the house of Mr. Russell, on the day of the murder. Those who know him, think that he nev-

er could have committed the fearful deed, had it not been for rum. This is a very natural inference, even if it be maintained that there was a species of insanity which disordered his mind. Rum tended to aggravate his disorder, and blind his judgment. The murder was committed in presence of a small girl and a young man, thus proving that no precaution was taken to prevent witnesses from appearing against him. He seemed bent on the commission of this deed, regardless of the consequence which would follow to himself.

On our recent visit to Poughkeepsie, we visited Pine in his cell, and had a little conversation with him. He seemed not much inclined to converse, probably because there was a large number of persons in his cell at the time we were there. He listened, however, very attentively to what was said, and wept freely as we spoke of the love of God, and his readiness to pardon the penitent, however great their crimes. We called his attention particularly to the parable of the prodigal son, and endeavored to show that God is like the father described in that parable, merciful, forgiving, and good, even to the ungrateful prodigal. We dwelt, at some length, on the conduct of the father when the prodigal returned, and showed him that as he ran to meet his son; as he embraced him in the arms of his affection, and kissed him again and again; and as he called together his neighbors and had a time of general rejoicing, so God is always waiting to be gracious, and show favor to those who return unto him from the paths of iniquity. We told him that though he had done a great wrong, and must soon suffer the penalty of death, he should not feel that God hated him, but should come to him in humble penitence and prayer, acknowledging his sins, and seek the Divine pardon. We referred to his mother—to the strength of her love, and told him that God's love was infinitely greater; and that if she would, were she alive, weep over him, pray for him, and bless him, even in his fallen state, and continue to cherish for him a mother's fond affection, God would hear his prayers, and be to him an infinite Friend.

Pine is the first person, under the sentence of death, with whom we ever conversed. While in his cell we felt deeply sorrowful. The thought that he must soon be executed, was painful indeed. Since then we have reflected much upon the organization of society, upon laws and their penalties, upon crime and its causes. Alas! how many are the inequalities and evils of life! How slight the circumstance which will sometimes decide our earthly fate! How often do adverse events seem to control our steps, and force us on to ruin! How little can we know of the real merit and demerit of men!—How great, at times, the disproportion between the demerit of men, and the punishment to which they are doomed! How many are the illusions which deceive us, the wrongs which harden us, the temptations which overcome us, and the false customs which blind us! How many have a weakness of mind which wholly unfits them to endure wrongs, a strength of appetite which makes them the easy prey of the tempter, a want of firmness which causes them to yield to every adverse influence! How many there are who by a bad cerebral organization, a bad education, and bad society, are pushed forward into crime! And yet, we sometimes meet those, who seem to look with an unpitying eye upon the criminal, who can say hanging is hardly bad enough for him, and who can exult when he is made to feel the vengeance of the law! Could they but see all the workings of circumstances, and realize that had only a few circumstances been different, they might have been more criminal than those over whom they exult, another feeling would take possession of their hearts, and their haughty rejoicing over the fallen would be changed into deep pity. We must have laws to restrain, and prisons to confine the wrong-doer; but in forming and executing our laws, let us remember that men are often more unfortunate than criminal, and that instead of asking for revenge, we should be content with that mode of punishment which protects society against the lawless.

In the jail where Pine is confined, there is a black man, of about twenty-three, awaiting his trial for the murder of his child. He burnt it to death upon a stove. The horrible deed was done under the influence of rum. He is not a vicious looking man, and if there is any truth in physiognomy, not naturally brutal. Rum will sometimes make a fiend of the kindest man. The night before we were in the jail, a man died there of delirium tremens. Now, if Pine and Yates, the black man, are executed, here will be five lives lost by the influence of Rum; and yet, while many will cry let vengeance crush Pine and Yates, how many are there who will trace their crime back to its real cause, and seek its removal from the land? There is an execution which we should be glad to attend, an execution where we would be willing to serve either as priest or hangman; and after the hanging was over, we would willingly do our part in digging a grave—a deep grave—one so deep as to admit of no resurrection. We would be glad to see King Alcohol executed and buried.

O. A. S.

Explanation of John, v: 28, 29.

CONTINUED.

A more serious objection to the common use and application of this passage, is found in the fact that to construe it to relate to the future and eternal condition of mankind, is to make it contradict several other plain declarations of the New Testament, which relate to the condition of mankind in the resurrection state. Take for instance that made by our Savior, touching this matter, in his conversation with the Sadducees, and in reply to their objection as stated in the case of the woman that had seven husbands. It will be perceived, at a glance, that this objection of theirs was based upon the doctrine of an analogy between the present and the future state of existence. They seem to have supposed that our Savior held to what may be termed the common orthodox view of the subject as expressed in that home made passage, that is so frequently quoted, viz: "As the tree fall so it shall lie, and as death leaves you so judgment will find you," or in other words, that men will be the same in respect to their character and relations in the resurrection state, that they were at th time of their departure from this world. Upon the supposition that this is a correct view of the matter, the objection raised by the Sadducees was of force, and we may fairly demand of the advocates of the doctrine of analogy between the present and the future state, to tell us "whose wife of them shall she be in the resurrection?" and when they have met and removed this difficulty, we have yet other curious cases of litigation that may occur, with which to test the logical acumen of the abettors of the time-honored absurdity involved in the doctrine of analogy. But it seems that Christ found no sort of difficulty in answering the objection that had been raised against him, by expressly repudiating the principle upon which it was founded. "Ye do err, said he, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are equal unto the angels." How, we ask, is this view of the future condition of mankind, to be reconciled with the idea of the resurrection of some portion of the race to damnation? If it be said that in his answer to the Sadducees, our Savior spoke only of the resurrection of the righteous, our reply to this is, that the declaration, "but are equal to the angels," is applied to all that are raised, and he did not on that occasion, intimate that any should be raised in a different condition. Take, also, the view presented by the apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. xv: 22: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made

alive," and verses 42—44, where in a direct reply to the question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" The apostle affirms that, "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Had the apostle aimed his remarks directly at the doctrine of analogy between the present and future state, he could not have given a more pointed contradiction to it than he has in these words. All the terms used to denote the present are perfect contrasts to those used to denote the future state. The present state is characterized, by "corruption," "weakness," dishonor," &c. The future is characterized as a state of "honor," "power," and "glory." How then, we ask, is the idea of the resurrection of all in Christ, in a state of honor, power and glory, "equal unto the angels," to be reconciled with the idea of the resurrection of some to damnation? Both these statements cannot be true, and to insist upon referring the passage under consideration to the future state, is a direct method of aiding the cause of infidelity by impeaching the credibility of the sacred record. This whole difficulty, however, may be obviated by allowing the application of this passage to a spiritual resurrection, as suggested by the context. The following paraphrase, copied from Paiges selections of the text and context, by Rev. Newcome Cappe, author of a critical work on the Scriptures, will supersede the necessity of further explanation:

"(25.) 'Verily I say unto you, the period is approaching, and is not far off, when, after my exhaltation, they who are now insensible and inattentive to the teachings, and warnings, and ministry, of the son of man, of me, in my present humble circumstances, will hear my voice, when being constituted the *Son of God*, I shall speak from heaven by the holy spirit sent to my apostles; and they that hear shall live. Though you now despise me and misinterpret my deeds and words, and meditate designs against my life, I mean you no ill, and am intending to be a blessing to you. Though you despise the Son of man, the Son of God you will not despise; and hearing him, he will be the means to save your lives, whose life you are seeking to destroy.

(26,) 'For as the Father hath life in himself, and hath the power of giving life unto the dead, so hath he given to the Son the like power. He will enable him, by means of the Holy Spirit, accompanying the witnesses of his resurrection, to *quicken*, to give apprehension, sensibility, and discernment, to many who seem now to have them not—who are figuratively and spiritually dead. He will enable him to endue the converts to his gospel with the gifts of the Spirit, and thus raise them from the dead, in imparting to them new principles of life; and besides this, he will enable them to preserve their natural lives in the approaching desolations of their country: thus will the Father honor him whom ye caluminate and reject.

'(27.) Nevertheless, it is not for such gracious purposes alone that I am ordained unto a Kingdom; though I am a *Son of man*, low as I now am, and undistinguished from among the common of mankind, I am appointed also to judge, and to execute judgment upon this untoward generation.

'(28, 29.) Let not what I say amaze you; suffer not yourselves to be lost in groundless hesitating, and unprofitable wonder: believe me, for it is true, not only that the hour is near at hand, when some, who are now perfectly inactive and insensible to my call, shall hear the voice in which I shall address them from my approaching state of exhaltation, and being obedient thereto, shall live; but it is alike true, that though yet farther off, yet the time is at no great distance, within the compass of this present generation, when all that are now in the graves, who at present sit in darkness and the shadow of death—the whole body of the Jewish people—shall hear the voice of the Son of God, summoning them to judgment; and being at length awakened to perceive who and what he is, shall come forth out of their present state of darkness and ignorance, to a new state of mind—to a resurrection, which, to those who have been obedient to the calls of Providence, shall issue in the preservation of their lives, amidst the calamities which shall overwhelm their country—to those who have refused to hearken to them, shall issue in their condemnation, to fall among them that fall, and to take their share in all the bitterness of the calamities that are hastening to involve this people, Matt. xxv. 10—13, Luke xiii. 25—20.'—*Crit. Rem.* i. 322—325."

S. C. B.

Duelling.

Duelling is a cowardly vice. The man who accepts a challenge has not the moral courage to encounter the odium which would be heaped upon him, were he to refuse it. And the man who gives the challenge, has not the courage to refuse to resent an insult. It is very often the case, therefore, that the most dastardly cowards engage in duels. Not the half of those who fight them, have even physical courage, which is only a brute virtue. Often they go to the conflict with limbs so tremulous, that they would not hit a house, if standing in the place of their antagonist. Hence it is that duels are so seldom fatal

One of the best methods of which we ever heard for preventing duels, was that adopted by Adolphus, King of Sweden. In order to suppress, what he regarded as a false notion of honor, he issued several edicts against duelling, "There were, however," says the historian, "two gentlemen, generals in his service, who having a quarrel, agreed to decide their differences by the laws of honor. The King consented, and said he would be present at the combat. He was attended by a body of guards, and the public executioner, and before they proceeded to the onset, he told these gentlemen that they must fight till one of them died. And then turning to the executioner, he added, "do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor."

This had the effect desired; the quarrel was settled, and no more challenges were given. If our government would hang or imprison for life, every one who kills another in a duel, duelling would soon be unknown. And why should they not?—What reason can be given why slaying a man in a duel, should be regarded as a less heinous offence than murdering under any other circumstances? O. A. S.

Wisconsin Association.

This body, says the Star in the West, met at Milwaukie, Feb. 12th and continued in session two days. Br. A. C. Barray preached the occasional sermon. Brs. F. Whittaker of Janesville, Geo., Dyer, and J. B. Cross, of Milwaukie were chosen a committee on fellowship and ordination; and Brs. A. C. Barray, S. S. Bartholomew, and John E. Holmes a committee of discipline. It was voted so to amend the 1st article of the Constitution, as to make it read the "Wisconsin Convention [instead of Association] of Universalists," and that it embrace in its limits all the territory of Wisconsin—voted that the 6th article of the Constitution be so amended as to provide for one annual meeting of the Convention, to be held on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in June, of each year.

A Fact worth stating.

At a Sabbath School meeting held in the Orchard street Vestry, on Sunday evening last, it was stated in the Quarterly Report of the School, that the School had thirty-four teachers, and that the average attendance had been THIRTY-TWO. We doubt whether there is a School that can give a better report.—The attendance shows a zeal and punctuality worthy of all praise. The condition of the School is highly flourishing.

Lancaster, Mass.

Our friends in this town have just completed a neat and convenient Church, which was dedicated on the 26th inst. Br. B. Whittemore resides in this town, and his labors have been greatly blessed. He is a prudent and exemplary man.

Clerical Defections.

The last Trumpet contains a letter from a gentleman in New Hampshire, of a very painful character. We have hesitated about transferring it to our columns, but at last have concluded to insert it. Our opposers have so much unfairness; and are so perpetual in their cry about the immoral tendency of Universalism, that we feel it to be a duty to rebuke them, by giving the letter publicity. If they have any shame or sense of justice, they will hereafter hold their peace.

GRAFTON, N. H., April 10, 1848.

Br. WHITTEMORE,—As you have published of late in the Trumpet, numerous cases of clerical defection among the different denominations of believers in endless misery, and as the opposers of Universalism are continually charging it with having an evil tendency, I think a narration of a few events which have transpired lately in this town and vicinity, will not be uninteresting to your readers, although of a horrible nature.—They may tend to show what doctrine leads to crime and wickedness.

A few months since, a man by the name of E—— W——, who resided about four miles from this place, in the town of Orange, killed his own child, a little girl of two years old.—This was the second of his own children which he murdered. This man is to be tried for murder the present week. He was a member, in regular standing, of the Free-Will Baptist Church, and meetings were frequently held at his house.

Last fall there came into this town from Maine, a Baptist preacher, named W———, who was thought by his denomination a *fine* preacher and a *good* man, He preached in this section until the first of March, when a letter was received from his former place of residence, charging him with the crime of seduction in two or more cases. This letter was read here in public meeting, and the said W——— immediately absconded to parts unknown.

There has resided in the western part of this town, for several years past, a preacher by the name of D——, who has just been examined before a justice for the murder of his wife. The evidence is of the strongest kind against him, and he has been committed to jail to await his trial in May. The circumstances in the case are as follows: On the evening of the first Sunday in March, D—— took his wife into his sleigh, and attended an evening meeting a short distance from his residence. On his return home, the sleigh, it was first supposed, was upset and his wife killed. The body was buried without examination. But in a short time after, suspicions were excited against D——; the body was disinterred, and an examination had upon it by several physicians, who decided that she was strangled. D——was thereupon arrested, and no one, who has attended the Justices' trial, has any doubt that the man is guilty of a cool and deliberate murder. The excitement here is great indeed. D——belongs to the *Christ*-ian order, and was ordained about a year ago, and probably in full fellowship.

Now, Br. W., if these things prove the moral effect of the doctrine of endless misery to be good, what will prove it bad? Universalists are bad enough, but when have their preachers been guilty of crimes like the above? You are at liberty to do as you please with this letter. Yours truly,

J. PHELPS.

Union Dedication.

We copy the following from the Gospel Missionary:

Br. Palmer:—The Union Meeting House in Burlington, was Dedicated, on the 25th of January, 1848, to the worship of the Father of all, and the dedication services were as follows.

In the forenoon, 1.—Voluntary by the Choir. 2.—Reading of Scipture by Rev. Mr. Allen, Protestant Methodist. 3.—Hymn. 4.—Prayer by Mr. Allen. 5.—Hymn,—6.—Sermon by Mr. Allen, Text 1st Kings, 8. 27, 7.—Prayer by Rev. Mr. Badger. Episcopal Methodist. 8.—Set Piece by the Choir. 9.—Benediction by the writer.

The Afternoon services were conducted after the following order, 1.—Voluntary by the Choir. 2.—Reading of Scriptures by Br. H. E. Whitney. 3. Hymn. 4. Prayer. 5. Sermon by Br. Whitney, from Acts 5. 20.—.— Voluntary by the Choir 8—Prayer by Mr. Badger. 9.—Benediction by Mr. Allen.

We had a very good meeting, and think much good was done to the cause of Universalism. One thing I must not forget to mention, viz.; that the committee selected their preachers to officiate on the occasion, and they made choice of the following individuals, viz., Rev, Mr. Foster of Towanda Presbyterian. Rev. Mr. Mansfield, Methodist, and myself.

Father Ballou.

This venerable Father in Israel, preached three sermons in this city, on Sunday last—one in the Bleecker street Church, one in the Orchard street Church, and one in the Apollo. We thought that we never heard him preach better. His voice is clear and strong, and his mind as logical as ever. He is indeed a wonderful man. Though now within a few days of 77 years, he preaches with as much power as he did twenty years ago. His sermons, as in former years, are distinguished for strength, unity, simplicity and ingenuity. Br. Skinner took notes of the Sermon delivered in the Orchard street Church which, if possible, he will write out in season for publication next week. Our readers may promise themselves a rich treat It was one of the best sermons the author ever delivered.

Br. O. Whiston.

Br. Whiston, our missionary, has accepted an invitation to settle in Sullivan County. He will reside at Monticello. This county was a part of his missionary field. His friends there have become so numerous and strong, that they want his entire labors, and having raised the means for his support, he has resigned his situation as Missionary of the N. Y. U. M. Society, and will remove in a few weeks. He is very popular, and has labored with great success. We have but few so good preachers, so devoted Pastors, so discreet men as Br. Whiston; and our best wishes will attend him. May he find true friends.—The brethren of New York, though they will regret to lose their Missionary, will rejoice to learn that those to whom they have sent the Gospel, are now able to have a minister of their own, O. A. S.

Debate on Universalism.

There has recently been a debate on Universalism, in Somerville, Ohio, between Br. E. Craven, and Rev. Mr. Eranklin. The writer who gives an account of the debate, for the Western Universalist, says, "since the debate I have heard that Mr. Franklin has come to the conclusion not to hold any more debates. Whether this be true or not, I think it a wise conclusion in him, for a few more such debates as the one at Somersville, would make his friends all Universalists, and himself too if his head and heart were sufficient to contain it.

Poughkeepsie.

We preached in this place on the third Sunday in this month. We have many excellent friends here, and we trust that the day is not distant when we shall again have a settled minister here It is one of the most lovely places we ever visited. Situated on high ground upon the bank of the Hudson, it commands a fine view of that noble river for many miles. The place is well laid out, the streets are paved and kept clean, and many of the dwellings and public buildings are handsome. O. A. S.

Authority.

We have received a sermon delivered on Sunday last, by Br. I. D. Williamson, upon the authority of Christ, which we shall endeavor to make room for next week, It was delivered at the Apollo, and pronounced by those who heard it, as one of his best and ablest sermons.

Richmond, Va.

We learn by a letter from Richmond, Va., that the Universalist Society have invited Br. ALMON GAGE, of Rochester, N. Y., to become their Pastor, and that he has accepted the invitation.

Juvenile Concert,

The Tabernacle was filled to overflowing on Thursday evening of last week, on the occasion of Bradbury & Nash's Floral Festival. The children assembled in great numbers, the advertisements say eight hundred; and their appearance, uniformly dressed, and decorated with wreaths of flowers, was particularly interesting. Several matters connected with the Festival, we cannot approve, but considering all things, the children sung remarkably well, and generally with good effect. One or two pieces especially pleased us: the Chorus and Song of "Zephyrs," represented by young girls of say five to seven years old. They performed exquisitely.

Dreadful Guilt of a Baptist Minister.

We are sorry to publish such things as the following. We grieve that the offendor in this case is a minister, and are equally glad he is not a Universalist; for if he belonged to our denomination we should see it stated in all the Baptist papers in the land, that his religion led him to the crime.

"*Important Trial—Baptist Preacher.*—At the February Circuit of the Supreme Court, at Canandaigua, Ontario County, N. Y., Rev. Issacher Grosscup, was convicted of seduction and fined nine hundred and fifty dollars. His victim was the daughter of an amiable family of the Baptist faith, and was a member of the Church of which he was pastor. This is a sad affair, the details of which are truly revolting. Grosscup used various artifices to clear himself. But after a trial of eight days session of the court he was found guilty of seduction, and an attempted abortion."

Removals.

Br. G. W. Bailey, having removed to East Randolph, Vt., and taken the charge of the Universalist Society there, wishes all communications designed for him, to be addressed to that place.

Br. T. Abbott having removed to Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa, wishes all letters and papers designed for him directed to that place.

New Preachers in the West.

The *Star in the West*, speaking of the (Ohio) Murray Association of Universalists, says, that Brs. John W. Bryant, H. D. L. Webster, S. Spaulding and W. E. Thompson, received letters of Fellowship, as preachers of the Gospel.

Br. Wm. M. DeLong,

Has removed to Wilksbarre. He has labored in the place from which he has removed for eight years.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

Rev. D. S. Morey, of Stockbridge, is about to remove to Fort Plain. We rejoice to hear this, for we know that our friends there are abundantly able to support the preached word.

Decrease of Methodists.

The Northern Advocate states that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the last year, have decreased nearly twenty-four thousand.

New Society.

A Society has been formed in Truxton, this State, under very flattering circumstances.

☞ Letters and papers intended for Br. O. Whiston, must hereafter be directed to Monticello, Sullivan County, New York.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

LINES

On the death of Charles William, son of William and Mary Ann Dennis, of Newark, N. J., who died February 25th, 1848, aged 5 years,

BY JAMES W. DENNIS.

He died—so innocent and young,
So early was he called away;
Death came his plays and joys among,
Nor would its power one moment stay.

Now sad the wail within that home,
Where long his joyous voice was heard;
There now so mournful, sad and lone,
Are hearts to their deep fountains stirred.

They weep—fond, doting parents there,
They weep for him they loved so well;
And Laura, too, the grief will share,
She loved him as no tongue can tell.

Charley no more will Ella call,
No more will she with brother play;
She looks but cannot see them all,
Where he has gone she cannot say.

Why is it so? Why not that loved one stay?
Why called so young to pass from earth away?
He might have lived those sisters' joys to share,
His fathers pride, his mothers precious care.

Though hard the loss, it is a Father's hand,
That took him hence, to that far better land;
It must be right, though strangely hard it seems,
For some good end, kind God this trial means.

Few years ago, his little sister died,
As young as he, was she this life denied.
She passed away from parents fondest love,
From earth away, she rose to heaven above.

They both now lay, brother and sister there,
Beneath the tree, on yonder hill-side fair;
And freed from ills their bodies calmly sleep,
Not knowing pain, or dreaming others weep.

They're gone—sweet ones, to live in heaven above,
An endless life of happiness and love,
And mansions there, they're fitting now for you,
Father mother, and you sweet sisters too.

Ye mournful ones, to you we cannot say,
"Ye should not weep," we ask you not to stay
The gushing tear, or check the rising sigh,
But as you weep, on God's strong arm rely.

From the Youth's Friend.

Wilfulness.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Charles Ashley was an uncommonly bright, active and smart boy; but he possessed in an uncommon degree the bump of stubbornness. What I mean by his being stubborn, is this: whenever he had formed an opinion, or come to any conclusion, he was determined to maintain it at all hazards, however erroneous he might be. And as he increased in age, he also grew more obstinate; so much so, that before he was ten years old he was hardly ever called by any other name than stubborn Charles. His bump of self esteem also increased with his ob-

stinacy to such an extent, that when he was twelve years old, he thought he knew almost every thing. If any one differed from him on any subject, he always insisted that he was right, no matter how old, or how well versed on the subject, the one with whom he was conversing might be. He would not even acknowledge that he ever done any thing wrong; yet he was always in mischief. When Mr. Ashley's friends came to pay him a visit, if they got to conversing upon any topic, Charles would break right in and express his sentiments as he called it. His father often tried to convince him that such conduct was very foolish and impudent; but it was all in vain. One rainy afternoon, when nothing could be done out of doors, Charles was called into the sitting room, and his father who knew that he had been reading the history of the United States, made some remarks on the subject, that he might have an opportunity of proving Charles' ignorance, and the folly of stubbornness. He had not, however, proceeded far, before Charles, as his father expected, interrupted him, "I know all about the history of the United States."

"Do you, indeed," said Mr. Ashley; "then of course, you can tell us something about it."

"I guess I can," said Charles promptly, "I should be bright if I could'nt, when I have been through it so thoroughly."

"Well, then, tell me who New York was first settled by."

"By the Germans, to be sure."

"You are very much mistaken," said the father, "it was the Dutch."

"Well," said Charles, "it says so in my book," and away he went to get it; but when it was consulted, he found that it was as his father had told him. Charles, however, would not give up the point, but said that he had read it in some other book.

"I will ask you another question. Who first settled Pennsylvania?"

"I remember all about the settlement of Pennsylvania," said Charles, "it was settled by a colony of English Shakers, under the guidance of William Penn."

"Not right," said Mr. Ashley.

"I *am* right," said Charles, "and I'll prove it." So to the book he went as before, and turned to the history of Pennsylvania and read—"Pennsylvania was settled by a colony of English Shakers and Friends, under the guidance of William Penn."

"Will you please read that again?" said Mr. Ashley; "I think you read one word wrong."

"I did *not* read a word wrong," said Charles abruptly; "if you wish I will read it once more. Pennsylvania was settled by a colony of English Shakers—"

"Stop, stop," said Mr. Ashley, "read that last word again."

"Shakers," said Charles, scarcely looking at the book.

"I think it is not so; please look in the book and spell it."

Charles cast his eyes upon the word in order to spell, but when he looked, he saw that he was wrong; it being Quakers instead of Shakers. "Well," said Charles, "I don't care, it says Shakers in George Raymond's book."

"Now," said Mr. Ashley, "as you do not appear to be very familiar with the settlement of the States, perhaps you may know more of the history of the American Revolution."

"O, yes," said the wise boy, "I know all about that, too. I can tell where every battle took place, the year in which it was fought, the names of the commanders who gained the victory, and every thing about it."

"Then, of course, you can tell what General surrendered his army at Saratoga."

"That I can," said Charles; "it was General Wolfe."

"That cannot be," said the father "for General Wolfe was killed in the French war, a number of years previous to the Revolution, and of course he could not have surrendered at Saratoga, which happened eighteen years after his death."

"If I only had Ben Wilson's history here," said Charles, "I could point you to the place where it says that it was General Wolfe."

"I will ask you one more question in regard to the Revolution," said Mr. Ashley, "and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall conclude that you profess to know more about it than you in reality do. What distinguished officer in the American army proved a traitor to his country in the year 1780?"

"Why it was General Warren."

"General Warren a traitor!" said Mr. Ashley.

"Well, it says so in Tom Day's Book, and I have heard folks say so, too," said Charles.

"I think you must be mistaken, said Mr. Ashley, "for every one knows that knows any thing about it, that General Warren died bravely fighting for his country at the battle of Bunker Hill. And besides, it was five years after the death of General Warren, that the one of whom I speak, betrayed his country. So you see it could not possibly have been General Warren. I will tell you who it was—it was Benedict Arnold."

Charles was again sure that he was right, and his father could not persuade him that he was wrong. Mr. Ashley proposed a number of other questions to his son, but he did not give a right answer to one out of a dozen; and yet he was too obstinate to confess his ignorance, and too proud to receive instruction. Mr. Ashley took this opportunity of affectionately admonishing his son of the danger of indulging in a temper which was not only contemptible among men, but displeasing to God.

Charles appeared sulky under this reproof, and soon after left the room.

After this, on New Year's Eve following the conversation herein related, the boys met at the top of a long hill for the purpose of sliding. After they had rode upon their hand-sleds an hour or two, Charles proposed to the others to get his uncle's new sleigh, who lived at the foot of the hill. "For," said he, "there can be no harm in it, and besides it will carry us down the hill like Jehu."

His companions were at first unwilling to assist him in his project, but he at length prevailed on them to go. But when they had succeeded in getting it up the hill, not one would ride, for they all agreed that it would be a very dangerous ride.—But Charles cried out "Cowards, cowards," and looking very brave, he said, "I'll show you that I am not afraid." So saying, he jumped into the sleigh, and off he went. He had almost reached the foot of the hill, when the sleigh suddenly turned and ran against a tree. Charles was thrown out and badly hurt; so much so that he never entirely recovered. An illness of two months, and a bill of fifteen dollars for repairing the sleigh, was the consequence of this adventure.

If you wish to know what happened to him after this, I can tell you that when he became a merchant, he sent out a ship which contained all that he was worth, which was captured by the British during the last war. His friends had often told him of the danger, as the enemies' ships had been seen on the coast, but he was obstinate in his purpose, and was accordingly ruined. In misfortune it is a great comfort to have sympathizing friends, who will be kind and try to comfort you; but he, in his distress, knew that every body said he deserved his misfortunes, because "*he would never be advised.*"

THE MOSS-ROSE.

The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath the rose-tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whom power is given
To bathe young buds with dews from heaven.

Awaking from its light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:
"Ah, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found when all are fair—
For the sweet shade thou givest me,
Ask what thou wilt' 'tis granted thee."

"Then," said the Rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."

The spirit paused in silent thought:
"What grace was there that flower had not?"
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of Moss the Angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could here a flower that Rose exceed?

PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.

It happened once that all the animals, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, assembled to hear a sermon from one of their number. I have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of discourse was the duty of living to do good; and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes, after the performance, they thus moralized to themselves:—

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I am, do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor in the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity of doing good; he was so insignificant that he had no influence, and moreover he had to get food for himself, and to take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd to think of doing any thing for others; he hoped his neighbor the goat would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and on the whole, the sole result of the discourse so much applauded, was to convince each, that himself was most unfortunate, and his neighbors without excuse.

Maria liked the fable very much. She wished her papa would *always* tell her a story, when he wanted to teach her any thing; she should remember it so much better. But he told her it would not be best that she should always have stories; she must learn to attend to, and remember what he said to her, in whatever form it was said. "And now," said he, "what are you going to remember as the result of this conversation?"

Maria hesitated a moment, and then said, "That people who do not do their duty in the situation in which they are, would not be likely to do it in another."

Agricultural Department.

ORCHARDS TILLED OR PLOUGHED.

In answer to the question often asked, "whether orchards ought to be ploughed?" we would reply that it is an old and prevalent opinion that fruit trees of every kind are improved and rendered better by having the ground stirred around them, in order to let in the air and dew to their roots. And, with this view, orchards have often been tilled for potatoes, grain and other crops, to which there are two striking objections, first, they require the light of the sun, and will not well flourish under the shade of trees; and second, that, being exhausting crops, they impoverish the soil, which is so far injurious to the apples, both in quantity and quality. But the Jerusalem Artichoke, (*Hellanthus Tuberosus,*) which is extensively cultivated on the banks of the Rhine, rather prefers the shade, and would therefore thrive well under the trees: and, so far from exhausting the land, will, it is said, bear abundantly for ten or more years in succession; without manure, even upon poor soil. It has been further stated that it does not require much tilling after it has once been planted; for it is only necessary to draw the tops out of the ground when ripe, the remaining roots being sufficient to produce the next year's crops without fresh setting, and thus they continue from year to year until they die of old age. All these properties seem to render this plant suitable for orchards; the pulling it up will open the ground, while the avoidance of digging, after once set, will spare the roots of the trees many a wound. It also possesses the rare property of absorbing nitrogen largely from the atmosphere, which is probably the reason of its thriving so well without manure, and consequently improves the condition of the soil. It is planted in drills, similar to potatoes, and, like them, its roots are employed for food for man and animals. It has been observed that orchards when ploughed, often rapidly advance to a certain point, and then cease to flourish; but this is believed to be caused by planting the trees too near each other, and by ploughing between them, hurries their roots towards each other until their interference checks their future growth. The chief objection to ploughing an orchard is, that in a hilly country, having a soil easily carried off by water, such a soil, if kept bare and loose, will, in time, become sensibly diminished, where horizontal furrows are sufficient to remedy the evil.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

We do not know whether these artichokes can be had here or not. If they cannot, our orchards can be cultivated by planting in them vines, beets, carrots, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., or if the orchard is old, corn is the most appropriate crop. At any rate they should be constantly cultivated, and the grass and weeds kept out.

Now is the time to cut off all dead limbs in orchards, and to prune all such branches as cross or interfere with each other, and all long, unsightly, straggling shoots. Many good orchardists and writers, however, Mr. Beecher among them, recommend midsummer as the best time for this business. We see Alldredge has been pruning at his orchard for some weeks. A mixture of two parts clay, one part lime, and one part tar should be applied to the wounds made in pruning; or grafting wax, such as we spoke of two weeks since, might be applied. The trunks of all fruit trees should now be scraped and washed with a mixture composed of 1 lb. flour sulphur, 1 quart salt, and 1 gallon of soft soap.—*Farmer and Gardner.*

Work for the Season.

Give good and regular attention to milch cows and young calves; see that the former are milked clean, and that the latter are regularly fed.

Milch cows which have sore teats, should have them washed regularly with cold water just before milking, which will soon cure them.

Repair farming tools, and get them ready for use; paint will protect them from the weather.

Repair fences; nail on loose boards; hang gates; see that wheat fields are not flooded.

Examine cellars, and keep them clean and healthy—pick out rotting apples; see that vegetables are keeping properly.

Lime.

Lime when applied to land, should be slacked to a powder and harrowed in. A mixture of ashes, lime and salt, makes a good dressing for many crops—say ten bushels of ashes, five of lime, and one of salt, to the acre.

Plaster.

About a bushel of plaster to the acre has been considered sufficient. Some prefer to use it on grass grounds in May; on grain when it is up two or three inches high. It has been found beneficial on grass ground after being mowed.

Miscellaneous Department.

ORDINATION HYMN.

[Written by Prof. Longfellow, and sung at the recent Ordination of his brother.]

Christ to the young man said: Yet one thing more,
If thou wouldst perfect be;
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Canst thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Savior's breast,
And thus to journey on,

COMING LATE TO CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH IRONS, CAMBERWELL.

Suppose an earthly prince should condescend
To bid you to his banquet as a friend;
Would you not try all means within your power
To be in court at the appointed hour?

Shall such attention to a worm be given,
And be refused to the God of heaven?
Who can expect to be by Jesus blest,
If absent when he comes to meet his guest?

My brethren, this would never be the case,
If we were lively in the Christian race;
Then every hindrance would be laid aside,
To see and hear of Jesus crucified.

If you complain you have so far to come,

Set out a little sooner from your home;
But those who dwell hard by have no excuse,
Except in idleness, or sleep, or use.

A little less indulgence in the bed—
A little more contrivance in the head—
A little more devotion in the mind—
Would quite prevent you being so behind.

I grant, lest I should seem to be severe,
There are domestic cases here and there;
Age—illness—service—things quite unforeseen,
To censure which I surely do not mean.

But such will not (unless I greatly err)
Among the prudent very oft occur;
And when they do, you surely should endeavor
To come at last—'tis better late than never.

From the Washington Union.

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The following description of the Castle of Chapultepec, near the city of Mexico, is contained in a letter from Lieut. A. G. Sutton, of the 15th Infantry, who, with his two sons, fought and greatly distinguished themselves in the battles of the 20th August and 13th of September. The letter was written to a gentleman in this city, without any idea of its publication. It is dated Colegio Militar, City of Mexico, October 30, 1847.—He says:—

Not having seen any attempt at a description of the Castle we now garrison, I will try to give you a brief sketch of it, though, from the limited time I have to write, it will undoubtedly be very imperfect. The great Castle of Chapultepec—the Colegio Militar, or West Point, of Mexico—is situated about two miles westwardly from the capital, on the summit of an abrupt bluff, which suddenly lifts itself from the valley to the altitude of 150 feet perpendicularly. The bluff is steep and rocky, and covered with small stumps of trees and a low undergrowth of brambles and shoots; the large trees having been cut away, to be out of the range of their artillery. The whole fortress, or work of defence is about three hundred yards in length, and the terreplein and main buildings about 600 feet. The castle is about forty feet high, and the whole structure, including the wings, bastions, parapets, redoubts and batteries, is very strongly built, and of the most splendid architecture.—A splendid dome decorates the top, rising in great majesty about twenty feet above the whole truly grand and magnificent pile, and near which is the front centre, supported by a stone arch, upon which is painted the coat of arms of the republic, where once floated the tri-colored banner, but is now adorned by the glorious stars and stripes. Two very strongly built stone walls surround the whole; and at the west end, where we stormed the works, the outer walls are some ten feet apart, and twelve or fifteen feet high, over which we charged by the help of fascines. It was defended by heavy artillery, manned by the most learned and skilful gunners of their army, including some French artillerists of distinction. The Infantry force consisted of the officers and students of the institution, and the national guards, and chosen men of war of the Republic—the whole under the command of General Bravo, whom we made prisoner. The whole hill is spotted with forts and outposts, and stone and mud walls, which were filled with their picket or castle guard. A huge high stone wall extends around the whole frowning craggy mount, and another along the south-east base, midway from the former and the castle. A walled paved road leads up in a triangular form to the main gate entering the south terreplein; and the whole works are ingeniously and beautifully ornamented with Spanish fastidiousness and skill.

A view of Chapultepec, the residence of the once powerful prince Montezuma, as you come down the sunny valley of Anahuac, is a sight the most enchanting in the open volume of nature's delightful scenery. A mountain range encircles this lovely valley, the uneven rugged peaks of whose bluffs, like the gems of India, are ever and anon lit up by the freaks of sunshine, that drive the dark shades from their gorges, and play in sportive majesty on their proud summits. Popocatapetl is in full view southeastwardly from us. This was formerly a volcano; but for a long time has been slumbering. She will doubtless again vomit up her fiery bowels upon the pleasant valleys that lie like carpets at her rugged base. She is covered with perpetual snows, upon which the rays of the sun fall with a lustre that dazzles brighter than the jewels of Golconda.

Two calm, glassy lakes, Tescuco (salt) and Chalco (fresh water) ornament the scenery, closing the capital in a womb of waters like the ancient city of Tyre. Ornamental shrubbory, splendid aqueducts, arches, cisterns, and sculptured stone statuary decorate the avenues and main entrances to the city.—Three costly and ingeniously made aqueducts convey the water from the highlands to the grand plaza, and the whole landscape is dotted with haciendas and modest little churches whose spires glitter through the green trees with silver sheen quite ravishing. But nothing except convents, nunneries, cathedrals, and churches has any prominence in the view towards the city. Upon the whole, a view from Chapultepec is like a view from Etna—you feel above the world, enraptured with the delightful scenery that fills your vision.

WHEN FULLY REWARDED.

The Scripture informs us that "God will reward every man according to his deeds?" This position established, we would ask of the believers in endless punishment, when this declaration will be fulfilled? Allowing that there is no end to the punishment of the wicked, at what period of time can it be said, every man is rewarded according to his deeds? All must have a full reward—but when? When millions of ages have rolled away—when the stars shall have ceased to burn, and the Sun and Moon shall have decayed with age—when the sinner in the infernal regions, shall have outlived the world and all things contained therein—can it *then* be said, *he is punished for his sins?* Very far from it: he will at that period, be no nearer a reward for his iniquities, than when the torments of hell first commenced.

We repeat then, the enquiry—we would press it upon the attention of every unbeliever in the land—when will the word of God be verified, and the sinner punished? If there is no end to his punishment—at what point of time can heaven say, Sinner! thou art fully rewarded for thy sins? The answer would be, never, never, never! If his torments are endless, that declaration of the Bible is not true, that "God will reward every man according to his works;" for as the inhabitants of hell are continually increasing in wickedness they will, if possible, be farther from a full reward, when ages more than we can number, have passed away, than when they first commenced.

Here, then, from one of the most positive threatenings of the Bible against the sinner, we prove the doctrine of endless suffering false; and we also establish the position that punishment must have a final end. The simple fact clearly asserted, that God will reward every man according to his works, supposes an end to suffering. Let him who thinks otherwise, put himself to the task of proving the contrary, but let him bear in mind the question when—at what time—at the end of how many ages will the declaration be fulfilled? If at the end of neither, we then ask, *when, when?—Star in the West.*

Burning Lava Poured into the ocean.

When the torrent of fire precipitated itself into the ocean the scene assumed a character of terrific and terrible grandeur. The magnificence of destruction was never more perceptably displayed than when these antagonistic elements met in deadly strife. The mightiest of earth's magazines of fire poured forth its burning billows to meet the mightiest of oceans. For two score miles it came, rolling, tumbling, swelling forward, an awful agent of death. Rocks melted like wax in its path; the very hills were lifted from their primevial beds, and sank beneath its tide, or were borne onward by its waves; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames, nature shriveled and trembled before the irresistible foe. Imagine Niagara's stream above the brink of its fall, with the dashing, whirling, tossing, and eddying rapids, madly raging, and hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire, a glory-hued river of fused minerals; the wrecks of created matter blazing and disappearing beneath its surface; volumes of hissing steam arising, smoke curling upwards from ten thousand vents, which gave utterance to as many deep-toned mutterings, and sullen, confined, omenous clamorings, as if the spirits of fallen demons were struggling against their final doom; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their prison house; the heavens lurid with flame; the atmosphere dark, turgid and oppressive, the horizon murky with vapors, and gleaming with the reflected contest; while cave and hollow, as the hot air swept along their heated walls, threw back the unearthly sounds in a myriad of prolonged echoes. Such was the scene, as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact, indurated lava whitened, cracked, and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew thicker and louder. The reports of

the exploading gas were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant. They were likened to the discharges of whole broadsides of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in every direction; the outskirts of the burning lava, as it fell, cooled by the shock, was shivered into millions of fragments, and borne aloft by strong breezes, blowing toward the land, were scattered into scintilant showers far into the country. For three successive weeks the volcano disgorged an uninterrupted burning tide, with scarcely a diminution, into the ocean. On either side, for twenty miles, the sea became heated, and with such rapidity that, on the second day of the junction, fishes came on shore dead in great numbers at Keau, fifteen miles distant. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, water continued scalding hot, and sent forth steam at every wash of the waves.

Scenery in the Sandwich Islands.

From the Tribune.

The Condition of Europe.

The news brought by the Sarah Sands is of the highest importance. There have been no other grand national movements, similar to those which the last three or four arrivals have heralded, but the evidence of a continued and universal advance of the revolutionary spirit—as powerful as it is simultaneous—is fully as startling and interesting. Nations are not only rising to claim their own emancipation, but are uniting with other nations in one common cause against the enemies of Liberty. In the struggle which is already foreshadowed, our earnest hope is that the mental and moral darkness in which the masses have been held by the blind and mistaken rulers, may not become the scourge of that humanity which it is striving to assert.

First in interest, is the intelligence of the deliverance of Lombardy from its uneasy Austrian yoke. This is truly cheering; the tobacco league of January last has not ended in smoke.—No one will regret that the Austrians have been driven out of the land where they never had the least right to be. Sardinia, fraternizing with Milan and Venice, together with the joint resistance of the smaller duchies and principalities, and the insurrections in Trent and Tyrol, will be able to oppose a powerful barrier to the re-establishment of the Austrian sway. On the other hand, Poland has reclaimed her independence, and the same spirit which drove the tyrant Metternich from Vienna, will assist her to maintain it. The smaller German States are all advancing peacefully and steadily toward a popular form of government, and the Federative Diet, which has heretofore been almost entirely under the control of Austria, has been obliged to make material changes to meet the requirements of the times. Prussia, although not yet proclaimed a republic, proposes establishing two Representative Houses with an elective Chief, or head of the nation, which would virtually constitute her one. The little Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, so long a bone of contention between Prussia and Denmark, takes advantage of the movements in both these countries to establish a republic for itself, and may remain so, should they become involved in difficulties with Russia, which looks probable.

The accounts from Great Britain are ominous. Ireland is ripe for rebellion and repeal, and judging from the preparations which the laboring classes are secretly making, a revolution at present, could not be otherwise than bloody and terrible. In England there is apparently less bitterness of hostility to the Government, but the movements of the Chartists, evidently anticipate a great political change.

France continues her republican career with quite as much order and moderation as could be expected under their unfortunate financial embarrassments. The crisis is not yet past; but the prospect has become somewhat more encouraging since previous rrivals.—

In France, the wounded in the late Revolution, received into the public hospital of Paris, were 638, viz: 624 men and 14 women. Of these, up to the 9th, 278 had been discharged, cured, convalescent, and 98 died. There now remain 253, viz: 246 men and 7 women.

The Department of the Minister of War has been very busy since the accounts came of the disturbances at Vienna, and it is said that the Government has given orders for an army to be assembled on the eastern frontiers of France, to watch the movements which they expect to follow in Lombardy and the rest of Italy.

The Italian Duchies have burst out into open rebellion. In Austria proper every thing seems disorganized. Savoy has declared itself a Republic. In Switzerland, a strict neutrality seems to be aimed at, and the levying of troops is discountenanced by the Vorort. All the countries on the right bank of the Rhine, have been violently convulsed. At Baden, Wurtemburg and Saxony, liberal Governments have been conceded to the people. In Hanover, the triumph of popular feeling has been complete. In Prussia, the King has put himself at the head of the German Confederation, and promises, extensive constitutional Reforms. All Silesia, Breslau and even Lithunia, appear to be in an alarming state of convulsion. Nicholas is concentrating a vast army in Southern Russia, for the purpose of crushing any attempt to erect a Republic in that division of the Empire. In Denmark no actual hostilities have yet taken place with regard to the Duchies which have declared their independence. In Belgium, all attempts to overthrow the Government or to create disturbances have failed. It is reported that the Turkish Government, under the influence of the Russian Ambassador, refuses to acknowledge the French Republic. Additional precautions have been taken in France to keep secure the person of Abd-el-Kader. In Portugal, matters continue tranquil at present.

Treasury Receipts—Prospect of Peace.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, April 23.

The receipts of the customs of the fiscal year were estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to amount to 31,000,000, a sum which will certainly be realized, as $28.000,000 have already been collected, and there yet remains two and one third months of the fiscal year. The amount estimated to accrue from sales of public lands during the same period, was $3,300.000, of which 2,750,000 have been collected, and the large Miami sales coming off before the expiration of the year.

A letter was received this morning, dated Mexico, 4th inst., which states that the prospect of peace is very uncertain. The writer is an intelligent gentleman, who has hitherto been sanguine of peace, but now considers the ratification of the Treaty extremely doubtful.—*Tribune.*

Breaking Jail.—Two inmates of the Exeter, N. H. Jail, broke out on Saturday night, by means, probably, of an accomplice on the outside, who removed a part of the wall. The names of the fugitives ar Jeremiah Carpenter, who had been convicted of burning a barn at Kingston, and George Judd, charged with sheep-stealing.—*Traveller.*

Temperance in New Hampshire.—The question of license or no license which was submitted to the people of New Hampshire by the State Legislature, has resulted in favor of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal and mechanical purpose. The vote in twenty eight towns, which have been heard from, stands, 4134 to 1419.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Moses Ballou will supply the desk at the Apollo Saloon next Sunday morning and evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Blauveltville next Sunday morning and afternoon, and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. O. Whiston will preach in Monticello, Sullivan Co. on the first Sunday in May, (7th inst.) and in Woodburn on the 2d Sunday, 14th inst.

Br. P. Elliott will preach in Danbury, Conn., the first Sunday in May.

Philadelphia Association of Universalists.

The next Annual Session of this body will be held in the Vestry of the First Universalist Church, Philadelphia, on the first Wednesday in May, (the 3d) at half past seven o'clock, P. M. By Order, ASHER MOORE, *Standing Clerk.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by Br. Wm. S. Balch, WILLIAM H. CARMAN, Dentist, and Miss SARAH ELIZABETH JENNINGS.

In Albany, by Rev. R. P. Ambler, MR. J. F. BROWN, to Miss Mary J. PHILLEO, both of that city.

DIED.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst, MARY A. MCPHERSON, aged 34 years, 11 months and 25 days.

Her remains were taken to Catskill for interment, where an

excellent discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Judd, of the Presbyterian Church, (of which the deceased had formerly been a member,) from 1st Corinthians, 15th Chapter and 57th Verse, being as the speaker observed, the last sentence the deceased was known to utter distinctly.

Her death was what might have been expected of a person who had understandingly embraced the doctrine of God's impartial grace, being calm and resigned. She gave directions respecting her children, of her place of burial, spoke of the glorious faith that supported, and then quoted the above passage of scripture, after which she gradually failed until half past 5 o'clock, P. M., when she ceased to breathe, and her spirit returned to God who gave it.

In Hudson, on Tuesday, the 3d inst., SENECA BUTTS, Esq., aged 57 years.

In the opinion, not only of the writer, but of every one who was acquainted with Mr. Butts, we have lost one of our most eminent citizens, and one of our best men. We do not mean to intimate that he was unstained by the imperfection of earth, or entirely from the weakness common to humanity. The earth is always grand and sometimes glorious, but it has no soil in which perfection may grow—no climes in which it can flourish. It is only found in the immediate vicinity of God's throne; it nowhere flourishes but in the genial atmosphere of Heaven. But we do say, that though the deceased may have left many equals behind, he has not, in many respects, left any superiors. We refer to his moral integrity, to his business talents, his frankness of speech, his obliging disposition and deep religious feeling; we refer to him as a husband and a father. During a residence of more than thirty years in Hudson, he has been known as a man wise in council, faithful to his engagements, and prompt in action; as a man, who despising deception in others, scorned to deceive.

But those only were able to appreciate his worth, who were privileged to meet him in private, on terms of equality and intimacy. There his excellencies shone with a peculiar lastre, His yearning affection for his family was manifested in his constant and careful supervision of his household affairs. The depth of his religious feelings, and his interestedness in the welfare of liberal Christianity, were sufficiently proved by his regular and punctual appearance in the sanctuary; and the active part he took in the affairs of the society, of which for thirty years he was a prominent member. Unlike some, who exert a less beneficial influence on community, he made no religious parade, but his faith, operating on a well organized constitution, made him an honest man, a "little above a president or a king."

But alas! he has gone. And by his sudden departure our society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and community one of its best members. But while we mourn because he was cut down in the prime of his intellectual life, and in the midst of his moral usefulness, we feel convinced that he is neither dead nor sleeping; but gone to enjoy the fulfilment of his most holy faith, and experience the reality of his highest hopes.

Nor has he left us alone. The brightness of his example is still before us—his friendly advice is still sounding in our ears. He has left behind him that which is of more value than his wealth—a good name for his wife and children, and a good example for us all.

These teach us to live as he lived, while that faith, of which he was such a firm supporter, points us forward to the time, when we, being purified from the imperfections of earth, by that power which will arouse us in the resurrection morn, shall be welcomed into everlasting life, by him whose mortal remains have been consigned to the dust; there in the full blaze of a sun which never sets, and of a glory which never grows dim, join with our brother in a triumphant song of universal praise to the love of God as manifested in the salvation of the race. G. COLLINS.

On the 9th inst., at Newark, N. J., Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH PEER, oldest daughter of Amos Sherman, in the 27th year of her age,

Thus has it pleased the Father of Mercies to remove from the sufferings of earth, one of its brightest ornaments, one who had many fond and endearing ties to bind her to this world — She entered upon the marriage life. with the fairest prospects of a long and happy life, and as a wife, a mother, a daughter, and sister, she was surrounded with many means of enjoyment. But she has done with earth. And aside from the strong ties of kindred and friends, no one ever yielded up the scenes of life with more perfect resignation to the Father's will. She knew in whom she trusted. And as she found the faith of universal blessedness in Christ, good to live by, so she found it equally good to die by, for she was happy in view of the prospect which awaited her in the bright spirit world. She has gone a short time before those she holds dear, to join an affectionate brother, whom she followed to the grave in September last.—May her beautiful spirit watch over and cheer the lone heart of her affectionate husband, and bless the little babe that has been left behind, to be taught that a mother's love will still linger around its pathway. And may the parents, brothers and sisters be comforted by the blessed influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In this city, on the 21st inst., Mrs. MARIA GILLET, aged 24.

Mrs. G. was buried just six months after the day she was married. He death was sudden and unexpected. She was an excellent woman, and besides her husband, has left parents and brothers and sisters to mourn her loss.

In this city, on the 17th inst., ANNA ELIZABETH PERRY, daughter of George M. Perry, aged 21 years and 8 months.

Miss P. was a lady of very superior intellectual attainments, and of great excellency of character. All who knew her loved her. Her disposition was mild and pleasant, and her constant desire was to do right. She was very conscientious, and exceedingly careful not to speak against any one, or omit any duty. She was fond of reading, and especially fond of reading the Bible. She had an enlightened confidence in the love and mercy of God, bore her sickness with exemplary patience and died in the hope of the final happiness of the world.

In a conversation with her father respecting the separation of friends, said in reply to his remark that they would not long be separated, she said, "it was best that she should go first, for she could not endure being left alone, when her dear friends were all departed."

Being more unwell a few days previous to her decease, she said, "I am dying—my sufferings will soon end." At another time, when her physician was present, she said, "My disease will soon end my afflictions, and then I shall be happy." Her physician inquired in whom she put her trust, to which she answered, "In my heavenly Father." "Then," said he, "you do not trust in your own works?" To which she calmly and emphatically replied —*No!*

To her father, the day before she died, while conversing upon death and the hope of a future life, she said, "You know father, that I am reconciled.

When dying, she was asked if she knew a friend who came into the room. Her answer was, "Yes, I know you all."

Seeing her mother bathed in tears, she said, "Mother, do not weep, I am perfectly happy."

She called her sister, father, mother, brother and several other friends to her bed-side, and gave each a farewell kiss, in the most affectionate manner. This she did only a few minutes before she breathed her last.

Her last words were uttered with hands raised and clasped as if in prayer. Her voice was so faint that what she said was not well understood. Her very last words, however, were heard, and how appropriate, how comforting to her friends—"*Farewell, Farewell—I am happy.*" Her remains were taken to Dover, Dutchess County, the place of her birth, and a funeral service was held in the Baptist Church A sermon was preached on the recognition of friends in heaven, by Br. O. A. Skinner, of this city. He was assisted in the service by the Pastor of the Church, Rev. Mr. Selleck, who manifested a very kind and fraternal spirit. The circle of relations which assembled on the occasion, was very large, and all seemed deeply affected by the death of one so excellent and promising.